THE MORALS OF TRADE.

WITH SOME FURTHER DISCLOSURES OF THE CUSTOMS NOW PREVAIL

ING IN LONDON. London, November 27. short weight in coals" question, upon which supply of correspondence gave out. There were letters from coal merchants and coal-agents and coal merchants' victims-I need not add coal consumers, for that would be the same thing. Some of these promised further revelations, but there have been none. Nor, when a shaft is thus sunk through different social strata, does the supply ever fail quickly. This journal, which daily prints at the head of its editorial columns whelly erroneous assertion that it has the largest circulation in the world, has, at any rate, a very considerable circulation among the shopkeeping and coal-selling class, and a very considerable advertising patronage from both. Can it be that this patronage and the abrupt suppression of these exposures of coal-dealing frauds stand to each other in the relation of cause and

effect? Other journals have, however, found room to publish letters, one or two of which contain in-D. T., as our friend with nothing like the largest Public Buildings of London are so many by-words circulation in the world is commonly called. "A London Coal Merchant" computed the yearly loss chants at \$800,000. But now comes "A London will come to his room, at the House of Commons, Coal Factor" with a fresh calculation that the the foul smells will drive them away in five robberies in "other branches of the trade" minutes. A Lord Justice of Appeal is ill from amount to the still more, or still less, respectable the poisonous atmosphere of the Law Courts, and sum of \$1,800,000. Do "other branches of the his colleagues declare they have complained for trade" mean the big coal merchants, or some of years unavailingly. them? I suppose we shall never know. This is not the first agitation of the kind, nor will it be | boat; the same morality prevails in Building as in the last, but who will venture to say that a day Business; and the Retail Trade of London is a will come when there shall be no more cheating | matter which does interest a great proportion of in coals?

The topic has widened, and explanations of pareral discussion of the Morals of Trade. It is not they can buy at home, but it is only fair to warn a descriptive title. Those who know most about them that the one maxim which the London it sum up the Morals of Trade in the remark that tradesman recognizes as the foundation of his moralimmorality, of trade which calls forth all these | Let the buyer look out for himself. To make a letters and leading articles. The coal-dealers do fortune and to make it quickly is his one object not stand alone in fraudulent dealing. Fraud is in life; after him the deluge. To establish a busithe rule, the admitted rule, and if there be a question, it is whether to this rule there be any exceptions. As you look through the comments or successors-such ambitions as these, if they of the most judicial and conservative of journals you see constantly such phrases as " dishonesty of the vendor," "immorality of the dealer," "this particular form of plunder," and many more. They are general phrases, and of general, if not universal, applicability. The accusations are sweeping, the evidence is abundant, the demonstra. tion convincing in the absence of either denial or counter-evidence. And that is what is so remarkable; there is neither counter-evidence nor denial. A whole body of dealers are put in the dock; the whole corporation of London trades- other metals. I will take a humble illustration. men, of all sorts and descriptions in every depart- Where in London can you buy a paper of good pins? struggle, beating and tearing at each other's throats ment of business, and not one of them ventures I do not know. Perhaps the whole social structto say that the indictment is ill-drawn, or that the witnesses who support it are untrustworthy, or that he himself ought to be excepted from the general verdict of guilty. It was, I imagine, the poor wretch of a carman in the police court who dred other articles of universal necessity, and the said all that could be said, when he pleaded: They all do it." The London Tradesman has, in fact, set up a new code of his own, and the com mandment, "Thou Shalt Not Steal," ne longer avails against the Custom of the Trade. That tion. From the pins that soften to the finger, to with horrible fury until insensibility overtook thou. is a phrase which the Publisher taught us. He robbed the Author, but, then, other Publishers robbed him, too; robbery was the custom of the trade, and how could it be wrong to render false accounts, or to keep back money due to another, almost, if not quite, universal dishonesty. when everybody did it? It is the custom of the trade which accounts for the enormous profits of

The disclosures about the building of the schoolhouses of the London School Board come at a convenient moment; of themselves they constitute an eloquent chapter of the history of the morals Builders are engaged in a form of trade which has given rise to scandals before name for himself as soon as London began to stretch into the fields and men, some of them now living, ceased to shoot snipe over the swamp now known as Belgravia. When the London School Board began building, they gave their contracts, it must be presumed, to firms of repute. What is the result? Mr. Lobb, at the last meeting of the Board, asked the chairman of the Works Committee this question:

" Is it not a fact that grave irregularities have taken place, and inferior materials been used in the construction of our schools by some of the thirteen firms who have received upward of \$10,000,000 in payment of their contracts; and that some of the firms have sublet some of their contracts and paid wages below the minimum

The chairman of the Works Committee said: "My answer to both questions must be in the affirmative." The dialogue went on, and in came out that one school had had to be shored up to prevent its falling, and that another "expeedingly well designed school has been thoroughly ruined in the course of erection." The builders had not chosen to follow the terms of the specifications, the whole of the brickwork had been done with inferior mortar, burnt and halfburnt clay had been used instead of sand, there were hollow joints in the walls, no cement had been used for the parapets or fable walls, the chimneys all needed repointing, the Portland stone was he's on his pins now." full of sandholes, fractures, and broken edges, back." the roofs were not covered according to contract, the gutters and skylights leaked, the plumbing was defective in every particular, the painting defective, wet rot had set in from want of proper foundation for the flooring, the plaster was falling off, and the wall-paper hanging from the walls. These are but samples of the rascalities revealed, and inquiry by the public press has since brought to light others not merely scandalous, but distressing. "We are only upon the fringe of the discoveries," said Mr. John Lobb, whose share in pushing these disagreeable investigations is one very creditable to him.

The danger to the lives of school children from the tumbling down of scamped school-houses is possibly remote. The danger to life and health from bad plumbing and drainage is near, and is pressing enough to induce "The Daily Telegraph" to run the risk of actions for libel in order to meet it Not the least curious part of the business is the fact that the existence of grave lefects was suspected two years ago, that a committee was appointed, and took two big volumes of evidence, and the result of their inquiries was published, but made no impression because it was treated as an electioneering squib. One part of this electioneering squib showed that the foundations of some schools were insecure, and that one had no foundation at all, while another chool, erected over a series of running cesspools had poisoned the five children of the caretaker in charge of it. An attempt to publish the syidence produced two actions for libel by the firms of builders concerned, both still untried, and the two big volumes were suppressed for fear of more. The history of these volumes reads like a chapter of Pickwick. The Board possess one sult if he likes; if he wants one for himself he nust apply to the printers, who are themselves defending one of the two actions for libel brought by the aggrieved builders. They decline to sell, They have, nowever, sold three copies, all to persons who are cautiously described as "interested parties." The Board has not yet found the courage to circulate the truth among its constituents.

Meanwhile, the question, or one of the questions, with which both the Board and its ratepaying constituents are confronted is this: How much of the \$22,500,000 which the schoolcopy, which any aggrieved rat payer may con-

houses have cost has gone fraudulently into the pockets of the Jerry builders? That is a matter of finance. The matter of health is even more serious. Drainage is not a new subject. Sanitary science has reached a stage when it is humanely possible to carry the germs of typhoid elsewhere than into school-rooms and bed-rooms. But the builders of some of the board schools It would be interesting to know why "The have not grasped this elementary proposition. Daily Telegraph" so suddenly dropped the It pays better to lay pipes without joints, some of them running the wrong way, some of them it entered with zeal. Not, I imagine, because the discharging into the soil, some of them leading day or two ago, I met Colonel Jones S. Hamilton, of

nowhere, some of them cracked, and whole systems | Jackson, Miss., survivor of the most remarkable of them left unventilated. Before you can attract attention to such matters you must keep headline standing for days in the papers: Poisoning the Children." After some days of inquiry the expert announces that about threefourths of the London School Board buildings are badly constructed. And Mr. Jennings tell us that it has "long been known" that the Board Schools are in many instances mere breeding places of fever. He believes that the cases may be num-

bered by hundreds. Again I say, all this concerns the sixty or seventy thousand Americans who yearly come abroad. They do not go to Board Schools, but they live in hotels and lodgings, to the struction of some of which the British Builder and Contractor and Plumber have applied the the Mississippi Senate, a straight-out, old-fashioned of the Board Schools mere fever traps. The Local Government Board, has just been telling the Plumbers' Company at dinner that if they

The Plumbers and the Tradesmen are in the same that tourist army of Americans which yearly visits London. Most of them buy something in London, ticular forms of cheating by particular sorts of They probably believe they can buy better goods London tradesmen are now succeeded by a gen- and cheaper than at home. I don't know what ness, to deserve a reputation for fair dealing, to hand down an honorable name to his descendants ever existed, have ceased to exist. The Sweater has come to the front, and he sweats his customers as well as his working men and women. The of relief to disperse to their homes. Suddenly, how

> They have gone up higher for Americans, as I ex plained the other day, but have gone up for everybody, and stayed up. The quality has deteriorated in the very goods which were once supposed to be the pride of the Englist market; fabrics of ure of this kingdom does not depend on pins; something else holds it together, but the illustration, humble as it is, is a good one, and it is typ-You may repeat the question about a hunical. answer will be the same. The trade of London is rotten from end to end. Whether the manufactures of England are any better than the morals of her merchants is, to say the least, an open questhe 110-ton guns that burst in the firing, the road is a long one, and it is strewn at every step with similar examples; with the wrecks of great reputations, and with monuments of systematic and

> > G. W. S.

HOW IT SEEMS TO A NOVICE.

A STENOGRAPHIC REPORT OF A FOOTBALL MATCH-THINGS SEEN AND THINGS HEARD.

New-York is a Frankenstein among cities. New-Builder earned an evil | York inspires with life strange crazes; and the first thing New-York knows the heof of a tyrant fad is on her fair throat, or some nonstrous craze haunts her and will not down.

> reporter, with only one father and one mother, was plucked from his accustomed haunts and hurled quite friendly and many little courtesies were exinto the midst of the howing Polo Grounds, without before him were known as Polo Grounds, he took out his note-book and with a heart heavy responsibility began to take notes of a football match. was only a little match, but it was his first. He saw tangled masses of high-colored limbs and bodies He saw wild footfaces across the quaking morass. He beheld two parallel rows of men tickling each other's ribs until, like a hare | Tale of Woe,' and various other classical pieces while from covert, an ugly, poor little wind bag of a ball shot out, and they all made after it, like the bounds. and fell upon it, and worried it, and got tangled again.
>
> In despair, for he was a stenographic reporter and felt that this sporting life would kill him, he opened his ears to hear what his well-versed neighbors on the spectators' benches would say in comment on the evolutions taking place in the field. With new-born hope in his bosom, he trusted to his flying pencil to record by the utterances of the wise the progress of the game in a realistic and intelligible form, which

everybody might read and understand. When all was over he deciphered the following remarks among others:

in the mud." "There's a fellow laid out." "No, he's on his pins now." "Look at them rubbing his

"See that chap push his way through there! Isn't "Hurray !" " Now then, watch 'em grapple. They're scrapping, by Jove!" "Ouch!" "Wouldn't you like to see them fall hisses! wow!"

into the deep water?" "My! Charlie's got the ball-Charlie's got the ball!

(feminine screech) Oh! he's down! (screech.)" "Look at that ball laying in the mud!" "Charlie's laying in the mud too!" "Now they're all laying in the mud (screech), Where's Charlie?" "He's gon under." (Nascent screech stiffed.) "He'll come out all right!" "Oh!" "Oh!" McGinty to the bottom of the sea!" (Laughter.) " ! should think they would get very fired !" "Oh, they

fell right in the water." (Much laughter.) "Oh, there's another hansom." "Charle invited me to drive in a hansom. I told him I wasn't hansom enough. Tee hee!" (Giggles and squeaks.) "Look at him! he's humped his head against the wall." "Charlie invited

at hm; he's bumped his head against the wail.

"That was very nicely done."

"Gosh: What a biff he got in the head with the ball, didn't he:"

"Oh say. That man with the umbrella's shouting that time's up."

"So it is—look, they're all stopping."

"So they are."

"Do you see Charlie!"

"Let's go."

"All right.

Poor fellows, how dirty they are."

"Who won."

NEGLECTFUL CLARENCE.

From The Philadelphia Inquirer.

Miss Chestnut—Have you and Clarence set the day Miss Walnut—Mr. Callowhill and I are strangers.

Miss C.—Why —

Miss W.—We were on a train. We went through

Miss C.—Why
Miss W.—We were on a train. We went through a tunnel. Of course I was frightened, and clung to Mr. Callowhill's arm and—
Miss E.—Clarence dkin't presume!
Miss W.—Carence did not presume.
Miss C.—The mean thing! I don't blame you, dear.

MONKEY STOVES.

MONKEY STOVES.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

Keeper Havens, of the Zoo, crawled on to the Fair-st, dummy with two big gray two-gallon jugs in his hands yesterday.

"Going to start a blind tiger?" he was asked.

"No, these are monkey-stoves."

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL,

THE STORY OF A SOUTHERN FEUD.

"CALL ME THINE OWN"-SOME REMINISCEN-CES OF SENATOR VOORHEES - CIVIL SERVICE REFORM RAMPANT-HE

" ESCAPED FROM MAINE." Washington, Dec. 7 .- Strolling along the avenue tragedy and the most desperate personal encounter of our time. Hamilton is barely five feet six inches in height, but very compactly built and of surprising muscular strength. He is not a quarrelling man at all, being on the contrary devoted to the peaceful art of money-making. Besides that, he is nearly, if not quite, fifty years of age, and, since his marriage in 1878 or 1879, of conspicuously domestic habits, Some two or three years ago, however, the Pro-

hibition party, which in Mississippi at least, is composed largely of, if it be not practically identical with, the Baptist Church, undertook to launch a propaganda of special and peculiar violence. They began through their newspapers, and, having in this may and by pulpit fulmination lashed public sensiothing very like fury, they bore down on the Legislature in great numbers.

Colonel Hamilton was at that time a same moral principles which have made so meny Democrat in his political and an Episcopalian in his religious practice. Being a strong man, a popular man, and a legislator of force and influence, he was for unhealthiness. Mr. Ritchie, president of the naturally the object of the Prohibition efforts, first by persuasion and importunity, afterward by threats and enunciation. Among the means employed to coerce Colonel Hamilton, or, falling that, to destroy his in fluence by detraction and aspersion, was a paper issued in Jackson and edited by a young man named Roderick Gambrell. The paper was an organ of the movement, and its editor was the son of a Eaptist preacher who figured in the vanguard of the crusade For weeks this paper recked with abuse of Colonel Hamilton, aspersing his character, attacking his honor, denouncing his motives and his acts, until the man's very home was rendered miserable, and his friends began to wonder whether he had not endured more than enough.

At last the tragedy culminated, but under such circumstances of mystery as lent it a strange and fearful horror. One night, about 10 o'clock, immediately after the arrival of the southbound train of the Illinois Central Railroad, Colonel Hamilton started homeward from the depot in a back, which had been sent to meet him. The town proper lies haif a mile there are none. It is not the morality, but the ity and the law of his dealings is "caveat emptor": or more to the east, and it is the general custom of residents to cover the distance in a vehicle. Gambrell had arrived by the train, but had left the depot immediately on foot, and those who were lingering about the platform and who knew the parties thought there was no danger of a collision, at least that night. few hundred feet from the depot, going toward town, there is a bridge, and as the loiterers at the station heard Hamilton's hack rattling over the resounding wooden structure they turned with sighs quality of his wares has gone down and his prices ever, a shot rang out from the direction of the bridge The back was heard to stop, and there was a sound as of some one jumping from it. Then another shot and another, and then the back started off at a furfous pace, the terrified driver lashing his horses to the top of their speed. Were the antagonists sep arated? No; the firing began again, and for a few moments assumed the magnitude almost of a fusilade woollen and cotton and leather and steel, and of And now other and still more dreadful sounds were other metals. I will take a humble illustration. heard—the sounds of furious men locked in a death-

and faces like two madmen. Scores of people had by this time gathered, but none dared go too near. They hung appalled on the outer rim of the darkness which enveloped that awful tragedy. Not until those piercing cries had faded into silence and the last groun had died away did listeners find courage to approach, only to find Gambrell lying Bead, and Hamilton dead, too, as they thought, lying across the corpse. They were drenched in each other's blood, both bore frightful gunshot wounds, and they had torn and beaten each other It was a strange trial-a trial without witnesses to the fact. Nobody knew the details except the one survivor, who lay for weeks hovering between life

I observe Senator George Hearst, of California, in his accustomed seat in the Senate. The pleasure derived from his presence is not confined to the floor of the Senate. An ex-Californian who is here booming a Western village for the World's Fair looked down from the galleries the other day and told this

"Uncle George," as he is affectionately called by cities. New all who know him—and to know him is to esteem him diled fasts and —and his family were on the Jersey Coast last summer myself. shore and the good fellows he met there who could talk 'horse,' but the society folks fatigued him very when the unfortunate metropolis was prostrate when the unfortunate metropolis was prostrate before her Thanksgiving football craze, a feeble Tribune family with him. The ladies of the two families were family with him. stopping to inquire why the lagoon and mire which New-York for a day was obliged to do the errands of both families. 'Uncle George' started off one day when Mrs. X. wanted him to bring her a number of songs. She said there was one she had forgotten the title of, but she might recall it in time. The Senator started for New-York without seeing his Dweit in Marble Halls, 'The Old Mill,' 'Listen to My he thought might include the one his friend could not recall. He received a telegram that evening which, he his own language, was a 'stunner.' It bore the date line of the New-Jersey seacoust resort and was signed 'Mrs. N.' The message itself was starilingly brief. It merely read : 'Call Me Thine Cwn.'

"The old Torty-niner was upset. He hunted up ome of his rucing friends and frankly latt the situ ation before them. He protested that there had been no flirtation on his part and he didn't think it had gone so far on the lady's part. 'Uncle George's friends were so moved by his distress that they didn't take advantage of him. At their suggestion he wrote an answer to the message as follows ".Mrs. X .- Am flattered by your confidence, but a

lovely woman, Mrs. H., has a prior claim. 'Uncle George' didn't go back to that New-Jersey resort for a week and then the New-York family had gone to the mountains. But if you want to keep in his good graces be sure and don't refer to his easide flirtation with Mrs. X. You may get hurt If you do."

Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, is known all over the country as one of the greatest jury lawyers of the present day. In nearly all of the murder have within the last twenty years attracted the attention of the public, more especially in the West, he has figured as one of the leading counsel and has generally been selected to deliver the final appear o the jury. He is an eloquent pleader and more than once has succeeded in swaying the emotions even to drawing the tears of his audiences. But he has not always been successful. His early days were marked by fallures which now, however, he can afford to look back to with composure. He was recalling some of these not long ago while chatting

with a group of congenial companions. Said he: "I remember a suit which was tried before justice of the peace in Indiana when I was a young man, wherein a lady was the plaintiff, and a bank the defendant. The evidence tended strongly to prove that the fair plaintiff had no right to recover, and I knew, as her counsel, that, unless I got the sympathy of the 'Squire,' my client would lose her ase. I therefore labored hard in her behalf and did succeed in arousing the 'Squire's sympathy, to such an extent even that before long the tears came trickling down his cheeks. I felt greatly encouraged at this evidence of the force of my argument oncluded my address by declaring that it did my heart good to believe that the Honorable Court, in the exercise of a sound discretion, would not allow beneath the cloven feet of a soulless corporation.*

Here Senator Voorhees stopped to take another puff

at his cigar and the company looked expectant.

"You were successful in that case, I suppose," at last some one ventured to remark.

The "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash" hesitated for moment, and then, clearing his throat, said; "Well, gentlemen, I was successful, but only partly

"How is that?" "To tell the truth, gentlemen, the 'Squire' rendered the following rather comprehensive decision: 'The plaintiff,' said he, 'in this case is a woman, and her counsel has for the last bour touched the sympathy of the Court in her behalf, and I am glad of it; but I think, under the law, that justice is on the side of the

sympathy of the Court.

The laughter which greeted the recital of this little anecdote at his own expense had scarcely died out, when Senator Voorhees once more began to indulge himself in reminiscences of a similar character. He said that he had been engaged to defend a murderer-Kentucky, I believe, but I have forgotten the details-and had again succeeded in delivering an appeal which suffused the eyes of two or three of the jury with tears. The prosecuting attorney was a gruff, old man, with a piping voice and nasal twang He had listened to the appeal of young Voorhees with attention, and of course had also noticed the it had produced on the jury. Voorhees had scarcely taken his seat when his opponent slowly rose and. taking very deliberately a pinch of snuff, opened his speech by saying:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you might as well under-stand from the very beginning that I am not boring

Senator Voorhees didn't say so, but my impression is that his unfortunate client was found guilty and

Having told these stories at his own expense Senator Voorhees evidently thought it was time omething at the expense of others and the victim he selected was the 'Squire' who had rendered the against his (Voorbees's) "lady client." The 'Squire' the Senator said, had frequently before him a certain lawyer, Smith by name, who afterward rose to some prominence in Indiana State polities, but who is now lead. Between the 'Squire' and Smith, no friendship was lost. For some reason or other they hated each other most cordially. At the close of one hot summer

"I looked into the matter, found everything straight and got the bill paid. My undertaking friend was grateful. He wrote again assuring me of his prograteful. fessional fflendship. 'Don't forget my promise,' he sald, for I shall not. I feel that in doing as much for you some time as you have done for me I will only be repaying a just debt." So there are my funeral expenses all provided for

in advance. My grateful friend's profession makes it certain he will be able to carry out his promises and my mind will be easy henceforth." These are days of civil service reform. The man

who wants to secure a place under the Government newadays, must have a strong "pull," indeed, to get there." The other day a Mississ ppi Repubean, anxious to serve under the new Doorkeeper of the House, thought it worth while to culist the good will of our facetious friend, Congressman Allen, in is behalf. He entered Mr. Allen's committee room and preferred his request: wish to be employed under the doorkeeper

sir," said he, "and if you will be so good as to-" Take a seat, sir," gravely remarked Allen, "and will examine you."

"Have you ever been a doorkeeper?"

"No, sir, but I think that with your support-" "Have you ever been instructed in the responsible and arduous duties of doorkeeping ?" No. s'r. but I would like to be."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"
"I never did, sir; but I would, if-" "Have you ever conversed with one who has read

"No, sir, but I certainly will."

"Then, do you not see," remarked Representative Allen solemnly, "that you have not a single qualification for the office :"

still

The candidate, from last accounts, is a candidate "The Washington Star" mentioned the other day

the removal of one of the Chlefs of Division in the United States Pension Office by Commissioner Raum and his subsequent assignment to another portion of the official vineyard. Now it happened that, although the translated chief possessed a handsomely printed and illuminated sheepskin, authorizing him to replenish at will the populous cemeleries of the District of Columbia, his unappreciative townsfolk compelled him to confine his attention-during his leisure hours almost exclusively to Sabbatarian exercises and the cure of precious souls, which he has found to be both pleasant and profitable. "The Star" was thoughtful enough to state that Commissioner Raym transfer ed this plous disciple of Esculapius for the purpose of strengthening the Medical Division"; and there not wanting cyli-disposed and envious persons who wagged the head and placed the tongue in the cheek upon reading this eminently proper and charitable statement of the case, suggesting that this modern acolyte of St. Luke, the "Good Physician," had been relegated to ignominious solitude by a perverse generation which had coarsely stated that it "would not have him doctor a sick cat." These bass and malicious These basy and malicious cavillers, however, have been utterly discomfitted and put to shame. For, since the publication of the paragraph referred to, it is said that the Medico's practice was rescued from " the demnition bow-wows." while. Like the amative but mercurial Mantalini, he the rights of a pure and noble lady to be trampled joyously spends his leisure hours now "upon Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver."

reasons, I withhold-indeed, it wouldn't be safe for him to return home, if he became known as the author of the following little anecdote-was chatting with me about "old sottlers" in his State, the other day, He remarked that that curious pride usually accompanying the consciousness of having been an "early settler" was almost entirely wanting in his State, for the reason that the "best people" of to-day didn't care much to be classed with the people who settled the State thirty years ago, and who, it must be admitted. probably didn't form a very refined and high-toned community. Among the members of the first Legislature, the Senator said, in order to illustrate his meanbank. I therefore will find in favor of the bank, and ing, which met under the new State Constitution, there

let the record show that Mrs. --- has the full was an eccentric old gentleman who, wishing to become acquainted with another member of the Assembly representing the district adjoining his own, inquired of him as to where he was from.

" Massachusetts," replied the member "Massachusetts? Ah," said the 'judge,' "I escaped

There was a curious gathering on Wednesday night in the hall of the House of Representatives, when a number of applicants for the office of Reading Clerk read to an imaginary House in full session Washingon's Farewell Address. Congressman Morrill, of Kansas, occupied the chair which Speaker Reed has een elected to fill during the List Congress, and in front of him, at the Clerk's desk, sat the ca ndidates In front of the candidates, the Clerk of the House, Edward McPherson, kept moving about among the vacant seats of members and in a distant part of the hall to judge what effect the reading produced. The elocationists were working for two of the best places within the gift of the Clerk of the House-the office of Reader paying \$5,600 a year. The trial lasted over two hours and was not conclusive, as several of the best of the readers will have to undergo practical trials in reading before the House before they are finally appointed. The idea of having a candidate undergo his sort of examination in private was the conception of Mr. McPherson, as the best way of getting at their

capacity. "It is not so much the volume as the quality of the voice that makes a good reading clerk," says Mr. Mc-Pheison; "it Is the sharp, metallic voice that makes the effective reader in the House, where the hum of conversation is loud and continuous. The voice of great volume might drown the noise, but could not be heard. Elecutionary power counts for little in the reading clerk; what is wanted is straightforward reading, clear enunciation, without attempt at elecution.

It were, has just been defeated for the "fat" Resolvership in Chicago by some 10,000 votes.

A friend in need," said a Western Congressman, is a friend indeed. A recent service of mine has assured me a decent burial when I die and I am glad to feel free from anxiety on that score, for some of us, after giving the best years of our life to the extent of a coffin. But I'm all right. It happened to the way: You know poor — my colleague, ded last way: You know poor — my colleague, ded last way: You know poor — my colleague, ded last way: You know poor — my colleague ded in the funeral I was one of that committee. Not long ago I got a letter from the undertaker explaining that his bill had never been padd and asking me to see about if. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing that his bill had never been padd and asking me to see about if. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing that his bill had never been padd and asking me to see about if. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing that his bill had never been padd and asking me to see about if. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing that his bill had never been padd and asking me to see about if. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing that her own or her "popper's money had been that of a friend padd and asking me to see about if. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing that her own or her "popper's money had been that of a friend padd and asking me to see about it. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing that her own or her "popper's money had been that of a friend padd and asking me to see about it. He remembered I had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing the heavily and high-red that had been on the funeral committee and excused himself for writing the Englishmen's attention and captimen there in miration. I was going to say affections. But I can not run the romance to that length. What, of course, made marriage possible was their money. Ten to one if the question of marriage would have arisin and not beauty suggested it and a consequent ascertainment of the satisfactory financial condition of its

therefore, I say to American girls, who want

is meent of the satisfactory financial condition of its possessor.

So, therefore, I say to American girls, who want to marry English dukes and marquises, earls and barons, lords, and honorables, and sirs, preserve your barons, lords, and honorables, and sirs, preserve your beauty; wear your veils and broad-brimmed hats; keep out of the sun and wind; dead tan and freekles as you would the bite of a rattlesnake; retain your peach-like skins and your fragile figures. English dukes and marquises, earls and barons, lords, and honorables, and sirs, have enough broaze, leather-faced young women to choose from in England without wanting any more from America. Give up tennis, unless beneath a wide-awake, and even then just think of your poor bands! A back-hander which skins the net may cause you a thrill of detight, loss it adds to the circumference of your wrist every time. Do say when the brown and brawny damsels begin to come over, I can not imagine.

I have said that the highest class of English girls are not athletle, and I think I am right. Most of them hant, it is true. A few have made themselves very slify of late trying to play cricket. But I dot not think they russ lavia tennis as the middle-class girls do. They have brown faces I know, and red faces, and thick skins, coarse and leathery. But they do not go out of their way to try and get them. They would far sooner have delicate pint and white cheeks. He their grangrandmothers' portraits, if they could. But all the vell wearing in the world would not help them. They have inherited their coarse shins from their fathers. Perhaps it may be the climate. Possibly the beer and stout at louchoon. Who can tell? But whatever may be the cause, be sure that the high born girls—the ladies Ethel, and Gwendelen, and Muriel, and clars—do not try to acquire cease complexions, and do not tear about whidy in the san for that purpose. They live the life they were born to, and never imitate any one. They are not constantly going in for some new thing because it is the fashion.

for anything. They merely do what they are accustomed to do.

It is my belief that in their endeavor to be rough and mannish, brawny and brown-skinned, the American girls are overdoing it. It is a fait that will soon fade. It is too hot to last. There is really no stay in it. Unaccustomed to exercise, as exercise and for exercise's sake, these American girls will presently tire of their muscle and brown skins. Muscle and brown skins, will then cease to be the fashion, and the pale faces and pink-and-white complexions will "come in" again. In England, however, there will be no change.

A SPIRITED AMERICAN GIRL

From The Washington Post.

The following is a narrative of an incident which

From The Washington Post.

The following is an arrative of an incident which occurred in St. Petersburgh some years ago. The American iady concerned is the daughter of a prominent public benefactor, has for years been a social leader in Washington, is the wife of a leading Republican statesman and would be recognized inspatily if her name might be mentioned. The haif dozen initiates will remember the incident now published by "The Post."

A grand reception was in progress at the palace of a high Russian dignitary. Members of the Cabinet, generals of the Army, grand dukes, the nobility of the Empire, and the diplomatic corps were present. It was a notable affair. Four young ladies three Russian and one American—had gathered into a little nook screened in palms, and were discussing in French the dowdy appearance of a high court lady. Some cavesdropper caught their remarks and bore them to the criticized lady. She, in turn, indignantly reported the conversation to a noble duchess, who held the peculiar office of "mistress of citquette." She retired to a private room and had the four culprits summoned before her. They appeared, the Russian girls in fear and trembling, the American calm and self-possessed.

"Young ladies," said she, "you have been commenting discourteously upon the personal appearance of citquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of citquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of citquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of citquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of citquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of citquette to punish you. Olga, your stipper;"

The rembling olga took off her slipper, and meekly received a sound punishment, of the sort confined in American exclusively to the nursery.

**Maria*, it is your turn. Give me your slipper;"

The rembling dicentena, as the weeping Olga arose from her castigation. Katia took her greel with audible lamentations, and Tania followed the suffering Katia.

**All the while the American girl watched and waited.

and the while the American girl watched and waited.
All the while the American girl watched and waited.
The indignities thrust upon her companions roused
the Hail Columbia in her. Her eyes flashed and her
little fists clenched with excitement.
"It is your turn now," said the mistress of etiquette
to the fair American, "your slipper, please,"
Columbia's blood was up.
There was fighting stock
back of her for generations. She removed her slipper back of her for generations. She removed he and drew near, but she held the slipper by

At proper range she swung the missile and struck the old lady in the mouth a fearful clip. Then she sailed in. Lace, feathers and furbelows flew. Fingermais fetched blood. Gray hair and the St. Petersburg fashions of 1803 filled the air. The screams of the thoroughly frighted mistress of etiquette brought a crowd. The door was battered down. The three Russian girls were screaming in their respective conners. The old lady was hors du compat and a flergeyed goddess of ilberty stood in the centre of the room, waving a tuff of gray hair in one haird and

ers. The old lady was hors du compar, and ship old goddess of liberty stood in the centre of the som, waving a tuft of gray hair in one hand and a welled hair-dagger, with which she had been trying a stab the Russian, in the other. The mistress of effuette fairly screamed with montant rage, showered maledictions in broken alredage.

Rucsian, in the osme grade and are successful to the conjustress of etiquette fairly ser in broken rage, showered maledictions in broken rage, showered maledictions in broken rage, showered maledictions in broken rage, showered to the configuration of the configuration o French, German and Russian upon her conqueror, and demanded that the most condign punishment be meted out to her. The matter was carried to the Cas. Nicholas made a pretense of punishing the young lady by issuing some order against her appearing at any ball for a certain period, but the old liberator was mmensely tickled. He showered the most embarrassing presents upon the American, beautiful slippers of every kind and description, silver slippers and gold slippers, and finally wound up by sending her a hair-dagger set with diamonds.

DAVIS IN THE SENATE.

AS AN OLD ABOLITIONIST KNEW HIM

Shortly after the news of the death of Jefferson Davis was flashed over the wires a Tribune reporter called on Mr. Oliver Dyer, author of "Great s of Forty Years Ago," who in the winter of 1848-49 was the United States Senate reporter of "The National Intelligencer," of Washington, at that time one of the most widely circulated and most influential journals in the country. Owing to his position on that paper and owing also to the fact that he was a pioneer in phonographic reporting (an art then a interest as a factor in revolutionizing journalism, Mr Dyer had exceptionally favorable opportunites for scrutinizing and analyzing the characters of the Titans

THE ATHLETTC MADDEN.

HEAVIN VERSIS PLEACHES AND CREAK.

HEAVIN VERSIS PLEACHES AND CREAK.

From the word of the same register to general the same register to the same register

lingalis is quitte a different speace. The least of style about Ingalis which reminds me of the same quantry in Mr. Davis."

"As regards geniality and high-bred courtesy, does Mr. Davis remind you of Chauncey M. Depew!"

"Now you are touching on a big question. Mr. Depew is as genial, elegant and courteous and high-bred as Mr. Davis was, but I have never seen him exhibit such fire and vehomence as often characterized the oratory of Mr. Davis. Po haps if Mr. Depew should get into the same exasterating swiri of debate in which the Senator from Mississippl was often in wolved he would show as much energy and fire."

"Was Jefferson Davis a logical speaker!"

"Yes. Ho was offeral politic. There was no mistaking what he meant. He did not rank with Calhoun, Clay and Webster as a reasoner, but he was in the very front rank of the class of speakers next below those three pre-eminent orators."

"I was to add," resumed Mr. Dyer, "that he took criticism from his colleagues with perfect good humoe. I remember on one occasion, when he was much exercised, that he wound up a glowing sentence with the home of the naval officer, when in active service, is wherever the sun goes down over his head." Senator Youth Carellina, muttered aloud:

I remember on one occasion, when he was much exercised, that he wound up a glowing sentence with the home of the naval officer, when it active service, is wherever the sun goes down over his head.' Senator W. P. Mangum, of North Carolina, muttered aloud; "Goes down over his head!"—a question which occasioned much amusement in the stately Senator Chamber. Davis joined in the general laugh and thus revised his glowing sentence: "The home of the naval officer when in active service is wherever he is when the sun goes down."

"Was Davis a favorite with his fellow Senators!"

"A favorite with the majority during the time 1 was there. He was never discourtcous to any one, but obliging to everybody. Like almost all the Senators, he showed considerable curiosity and literest regarding what was then the new system of phonographic writing, about which I had given becures he regarding what was then the new system of phonographic writing, about which I had given becures he seemed to some of the most entirent Congressmen. He requested me one morning to explain the system in one of the committee rooms, which I accordingly did, indicating its philosophy and showing thim the names of the President and several of the senators, as they appeared in phonographic characters. He then desired to see his own in the characters of the system, and was greatly annused when it was dashed off and triumphantly displayed. I furthermore showed that the characters in my note-leaves representing passages from a speech of his delivered shortly before.

"I wish to add a word concerning my recollection of the enthusiasm with which the reports of Colone Davis's part in the battle of Buena Vista were received throughout the country. The news as show means, except where navigable rives says an opportunity it send it by steamboat. As the news and poportunity it send it by steamboat. As the news and poportunity it send to be account of the galanty of Colonel Jefferson Davis, of the 1st Rogentia of the entire population rejoicing in the rough the country

descriptions was a glowing account of the saliants of Colonel Jefferson Dayls, of the 1st Regiennt of Mississippit Volunteers, who, though badly wounded, refused to quit the field, but grimly sat on his horse, at the head of his regiment, and held a vital position against a vastly superior force, until victory was assured.

"Colonel Dayls, who was a graduate of West Point and had served several years in Point and had served several years in the regular army, was an accomplished soldiether regular army, was an accomplished soldiether regular army, was an accomplished soldiether this regiment was attacked by a force that outnut-berred it 6 to 1, and was sorely pressed. But Dayls, lenowing that if frey were driven from their position knowing that if frey were driven from their position in the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned the American line of battle would be so weakned to import the safety of the entire army, bed his as to import the safety of the entire army, bed his regiment for the shape of a volument of charge them. Dayls, seeing what was coming, to charge them. Dayls, seeing what was coming to the descriptions of the battle published cording to the descrip

KENIUCKY'S FERTILE SOIL

r silpper: Olga arose root with e suffering on waited.

The soil in Kentucky, said the Colonel, wiping on waited.

The soil in Kentucky, said the Colonel, wiping on waited.

That's nothing, but in the liar from Camden.

That's nothing, but in the liar from Camden.

On my farm over in Jersey we can't allow the horses to stand a moment in the fields for fear their hoofs to stand a moment in the fields for fear their hoofs to stand a moment in the fields for fear their hoofs to stand a moment in the fields for fear their hoofs to the ritary, but of freshly cut splings and stood it is other day, but of freshly cut splings and stood it is the barn yard. The next morning I found in its place the barn yard. The next morning I found in its place is a black wainut extension diring table.

It I hadi's a black wainut extension diring table. It I hadi's a black wainut extension diring table.